

DUGGAN VIRELLA LOUGHRIDGE

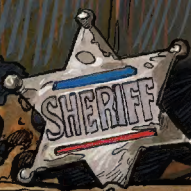


1872

#1

TONY STARK
BRUCE BANNER
STEVE ROGERS

RIP
1872



SECRET
WARS

MARVEL

1872

MARVEL

001 VARIANT
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SECRET
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001

MARVEL

VARIANT
EDITION

SECRET WARS

THE MULTIVERSE WAS DESTROYED!

THE HEROES OF EARTH-616 AND EARTH-1610
WERE POWERLESS TO SAVE IT!

NOW, ALL THAT REMAINS...IS **BATTLEWORLD!**

A MASSIVE, PATCHWORK PLANET COMPOSED OF THE FRAGMENTS OF
WORLDS THAT NO LONGER EXIST, MAINTAINED BY THE IRON WILL OF ITS
GOD AND MASTER, VICTOR VON DOOM!

EACH REGION IS A DOMAIN UNTO ITSELF!



1872

◆ CHAPTER ONE: TYRANNY IN TIMELY ◆

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CLAYTON COWLES**

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ALAN FINE



A MAP OF THE DOMAIN

VALLEY OF DOOM

EST.

of

1872

1870 BASED ON THE CENSUS OF 1868

DESIGNED and DRAWN BY
MANNY MEDEROS



ATTILAN BY THE SEA ↑

THE SAVAGE MOUNTAIN

ALEXANDER FARM

THE BLACK
BOLT RANCH

PARKER HOMESTEAD

E JARVIS

JAMESON MANSION

MAYOR FISK'S OFFICE

DRUMM & DRUMM
UNDERTAKER

T STARK ENTERPRISES

STARNES SAVINGS & LOAN

COURTHOUSE

COUNTY CLERK

VETERANS HALL

R JONES
& ASSOCIATES

WONG'S

RICHARDS FARM

S WILSON

B MORSE

THE BOG

ROXXON
SILVER MINES

KIRBY RIVER

CASINO

MURDOCK, NELSON & OWLSLEY
ATTORNEYS AT LAW

MR. FIX-IT'S APOTHECARY,
B BANNER SOLE PROPRIETOR

PYM'S HARDWARE

RAND INC.

WILLIAMS INNOVATIONS

TIMELY TRAIN STATION

RAIL LINES OUT OF TOWN

B URICH

BARTON CLAN

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THE VALLEY OF DOOM.

Timely was nothing more than a charming watering hole filled with colorful characters and cheap thrills.

Then they found silver and gold in our hills, and our home was baptized in blood and fire.

One man pacified the town. His name was Fisk, and he was a hero.

That was a long time ago. Times change, and so do men. It's hard to remember Mayor Fisk was ever heroic.

The Valley of Doom wasn't exactly hospitable *before* Governor Roxxon diverted the river for his mining concern.

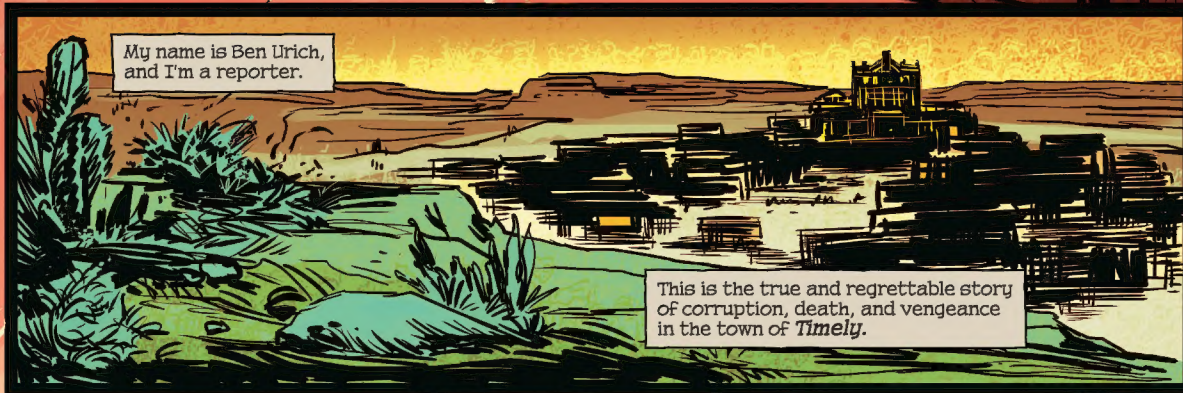


Now that the river has dried up, crossing the desert from the native territories is considered *suicide* by most everyone in town.

Folks said a man would need a couple of horses carrying extra water for a week to make it across that scorched Earth...



One man proved that notion to be pure hogwash.



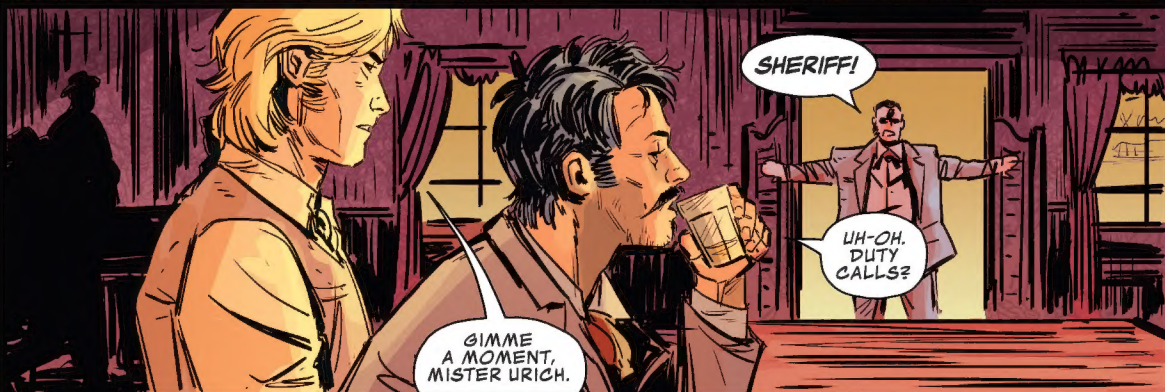
My name is Ben Urich,
and I'm a reporter.

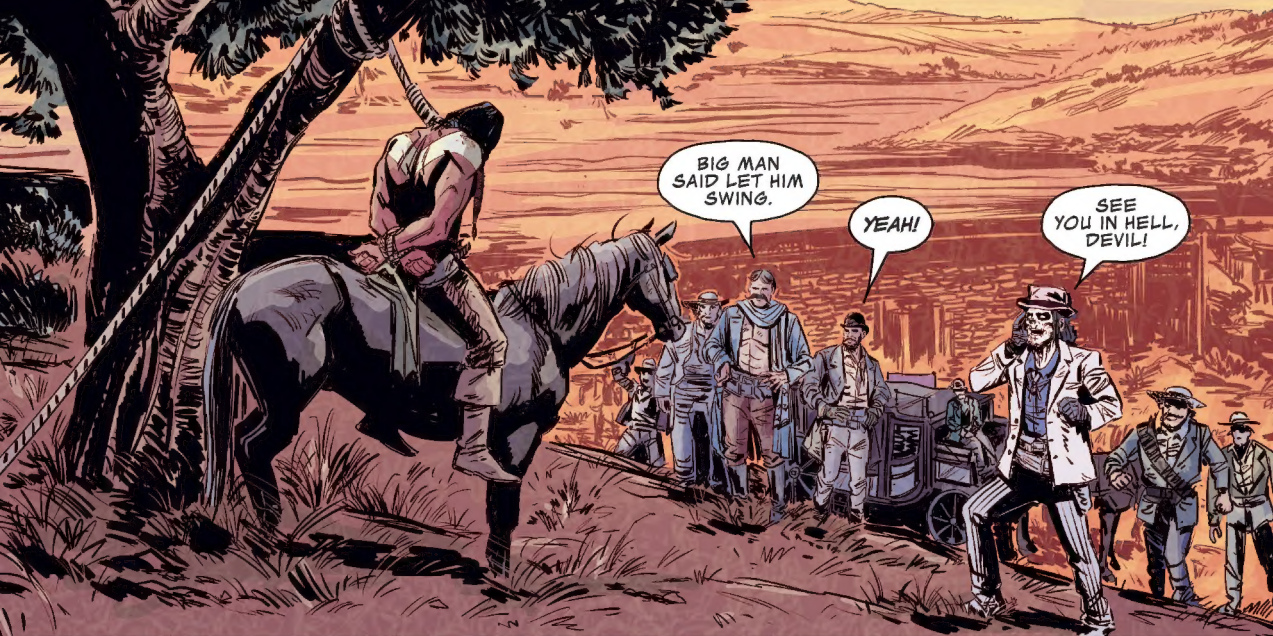
This is the true and regrettable story
of corruption, death, and vengeance
in the town of *Timely*.



At the center of all the
hullabaloo stood the most
stubborn man I know...

...a man that couldn't
abide tyranny...the town's
sheriff, Steven Rogers.





BIG MAN
SAID LET HIM
SWING.

YEAH!

SEE
YOU IN HELL,
DEVIL!



SO LONG,
REDSKIN!



GAAALCKKKKK



KAPOW



I TOLD
EVERYONE IN PLAIN
ENGLISH.

NO MORE
LYNCHINGS!

WHATEVER
THIS MAN IS
ACCUSED OF, HE'LL
GO BEFORE A
JUDGE.

NOW--
NOBODY
DO NUTHIN'
STUPID.





"...I'LL DEAL WITH THE SHERIFF PERSONALLY."

YOU AIN'T SAID A WORD SINCE I TOOK YOU IN.

YA GOT ANY ENGLISH?

WHY'D YOU TRY TO DESTROY ROXXON'S DAM?

YES.

IT ROBS MY PEOPLE OF WATER.

YOU CROSSED YOUR OWN PEOPLE TO SAVE RED WOLF.

YOU MADE ENEMIES OF FRIENDS.

THEY WERE ALREADY MY ENEMIES.

I DON'T SERVE THEM. I SERVE THE STAR.

AH. AND THE MAN WITH THE STAR GIVES THE LAWS.

NO, I ENFORCE THE LAWS. THE STAR REPRESENTS LAW AND ORDER TRIUMPHING OVER SAVAGERY AND CHAOS.

AND YOUR ENEMIES SWEAR TO YOUR LAWS?

THEY DO. IF NOT, THAT'S WHAT MY GUN IS FOR.

DOES THAT MAKE YOU FEEL ANY BETTER ABOUT YOUR PREDICAMENT?

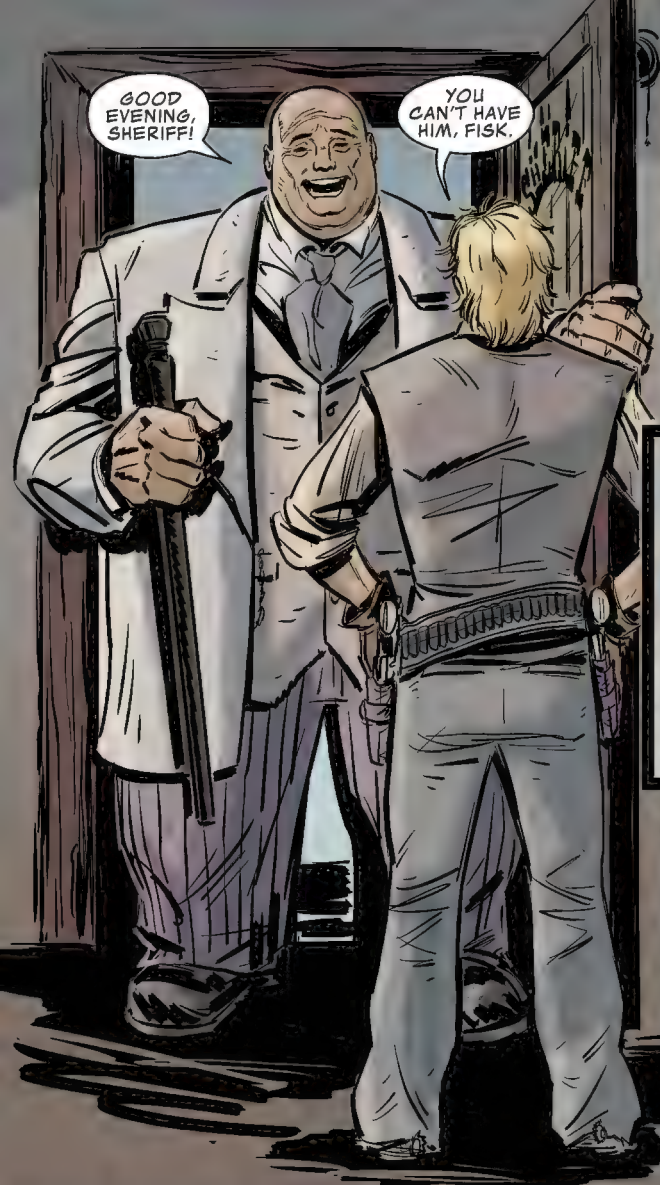
AT LEAST I WILL NOT DIE ALONE.

HEH.

NOK NOK

DON'T WORRY, I'VE BEEN EXPECTING THIS VISITOR.

THE MEN I WORRY ABOUT WILL NOT KNOCK.



GOOD EVENING, SHERIFF!

YOU CAN'T HAVE HIM, FISK.



BE REASONABLE. I KNOW YOU DON'T HAVE ANY LOVE FOR ME, BUT CONSIDER THE POSITION I'M IN. WE ARE IN.

WE'RE BOTH BEHOLDEN TO THE GOVERNOR.



I'M BEHOLDEN ONLY TO THE LAW.



ROXXON IS THE LAW, SIMPLETON.



I KNOW YOU ARE JUST DOING WHAT YOU THINK YOU MUST...

...JUST LIKE YOUR SLAIN DEPUTY.

DON'T YOU MENTION BARNES' NAME, YOU PIG.



DID THAT MAKE YOU FEEL ANY BETTER ABOUT YOUR PREDICAMENT?

SLAM

NOW GET OUT!



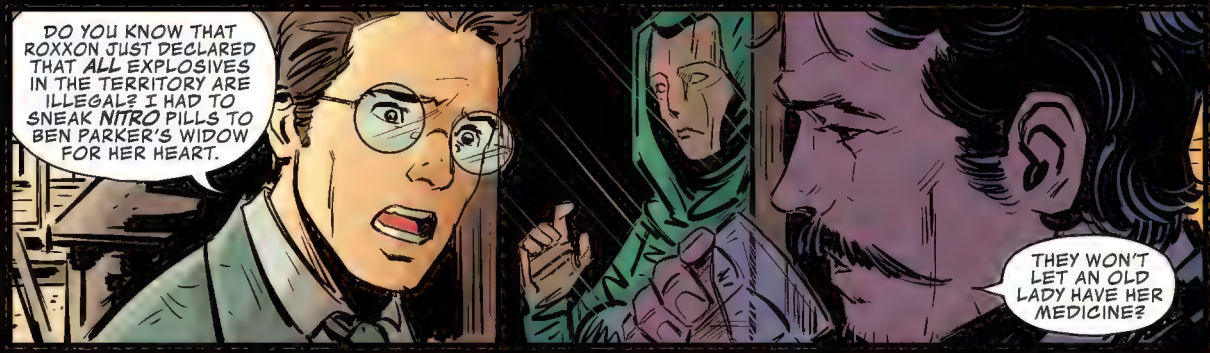
WHAT THE DEVIL IS ROGERS' PROBLEM?

HE'S GOING TO GET HIMSELF KILLED.

I UNDERSTAND THAT PARTICULAR URGE, BRUCE.



AND FISK IS SO MAD HE COULD-- OOP!



DO YOU KNOW THAT ROXXON JUST DECLARED THAT ALL EXPLOSIVES IN THE TERRITORY ARE ILLEGAL? I HAD TO SNEAK NITRO PILLS TO BEN PARKER'S WIDOW FOR HER HEART.

THEY WON'T LET AN OLD LADY HAVE HER MEDICINE?



HAH!
THE LAND OF THE FREE, MY ASS.

THE GOVERNMENT IS SCARED OF THE PEOPLE, AND WE'RE TERRIFIED OF THE GOVERNMENT.



WATCH YOUR MOUTH OUT IN THE OPEN, TONY-- OR YOU'RE GOING TO NEED ONE OF THOSE GUNS YOU HATE SO MUCH.



HOW COULD SOMEONE WITH MORE BOTTLES THAN ME BE SO BORING?

I BID YOU GOODNIGHT. I HAVE... IMPORTANT WORK TO DO.

A BOTTLE AND A HALF
OF WHISKEY LATER.

WE'LL RANT
AND WE'LL ROAR,
LIKE TRUE BRITISH
SAILORS. WE'LL RANT
AND WE'LL
ROAR...

...ACROSS
THE SALT
SEAS...

CHK
CHK

CHK

SHUT
YER TRAP,
DRUNKARD.

NOT VERY
SPORTING.

OH,
DANNY
BOY!



OH, DANNY BOY, THE PIPES, THE PIPES ARE CALLING!

NOT TONIGHT, STARK!



FROM GLEN TO GLEN, AND DOWN THE MOUNTAINSIDE. THE SUMMER'S GONE, AND ALL THE FLOWERS ARE DYING...

IS THIS DAY NEVER GONNA--

--END?



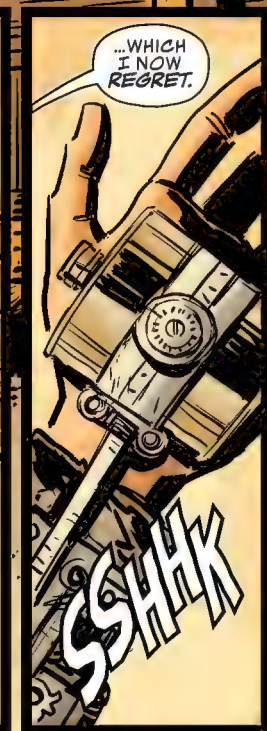
SHUT UP, YOU STINKIN' YELLOW-BELLIED, MOUTHY IRISH DRUNK.

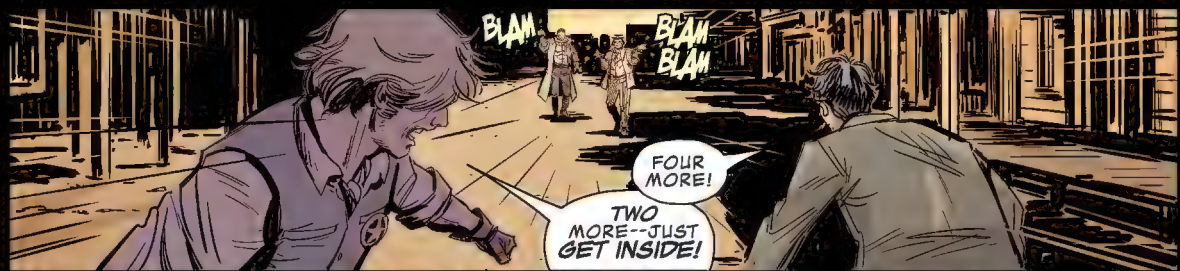
HOW DARE YOU, SIR. I MUSST PROTEST!

I'MM NNOT IRRISH.



BUT HE IS...







FFGHHRRNNNNNGUH

BZZT



I'LL BE DAMNED.

FWOMP



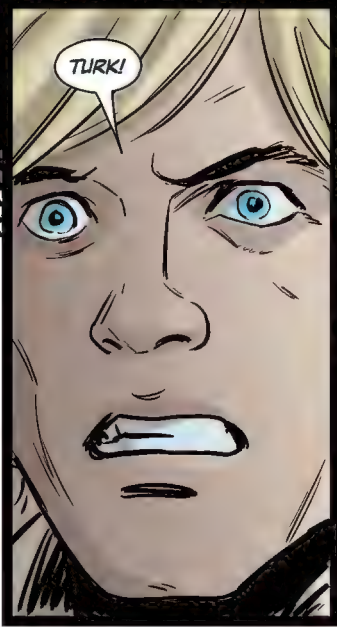
WUSN'T SURE THAT'D WORK.



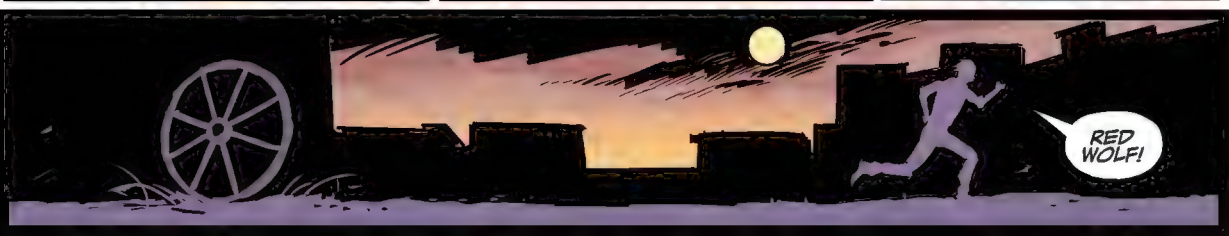
GO WAKE THE DOC IN CASE ANY OF THESE MEN STILL HAVE A PULSE.



I'M GONNA GO CUFF--



TURKI!



RED WOLF!





HERRACCK!

GOOD LORD, SHERIFF.

I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY.



HANKY?



THAT'S NOT THE DAMN HELP I NEED FROM YOU, URICH!



WHATEVER DO YOU MEAN?

HOW ARE YOU GOING TO TELL THE STORY OF TONIGHT, URICH?

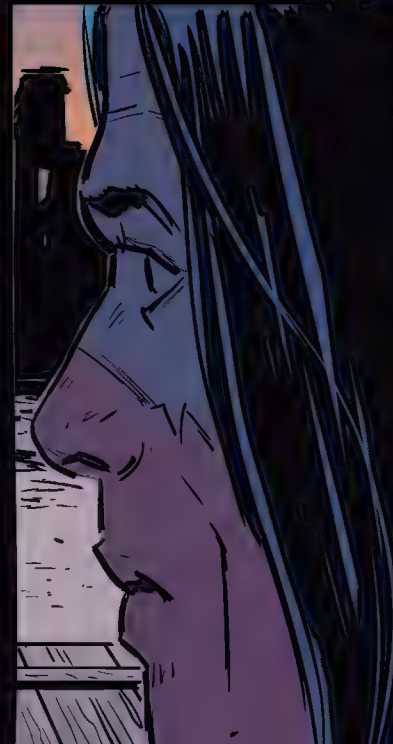
LET ME GUESS: WHEN THE BULLETIN PRINTS, I'LL READ HOW THESE MEN DIED BECAUSE OF ANOTHER INDIAN RAIDE? THAT'S ALWAYS A GOOD ONE.



I... HAVE A WIFE.



THIS AIN'T NO WAY TO LIVE, BEN.



WE GOT THE LAW ON OUR SIDE.



I'LL, UH, FETCH THE UNDERTAKER.



DON'T BOTHER.

I KNOW WHERE THEY BELONG.



THIS IS AN
OUTRAGE!

WHO
DOES HE THINK
HE IS?

I'M WITH
ROGERS, THOSE
GUYS WERE NOTHING
BUT TROUBLE!

THIS IS
SURELY GOING
TO RAISE
HELL.

ROGERS
SHOULD BE PUT
ON TRIAL WITH THE
INJUN!

Usually when corpses decorate the streets of Timely, they're adorned with stars and badges.

Marshal Stacy thought he could clean up this town, and he was found with a bullet in the back for his troubles.

I didn't need to put a penny in Stark's *Vision of the Future* contraption to know what was about to happen...





KLIK
KLIK
KLIK

THE
MESSAGE IS
FROM GOVERNOR
ROXXON, SIR.



OF
COURSE IT
IS!

KLIK
KLIK
KLIK



MR. ROXXON
UNDERSTANDS
TH-THERE WAS
A... DIFFICULTY,
AND IS, UH...



GIVE IT
HERE!



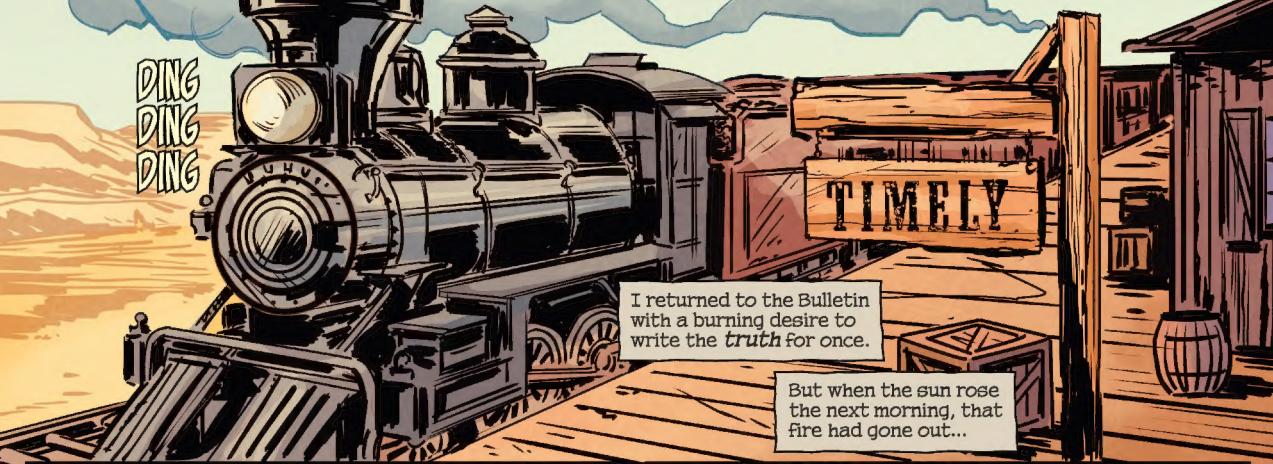
"FAILURE NOTED.
REMEDY
DISPATCHED."



LEAVE
ME.

No one slept
in Timely that
night.

DING
DING
DING



I returned to the Bulletin
with a burning desire to
write the *truth* for once.

But when the sun rose
the next morning, that
fire had gone out...



LIGHT.

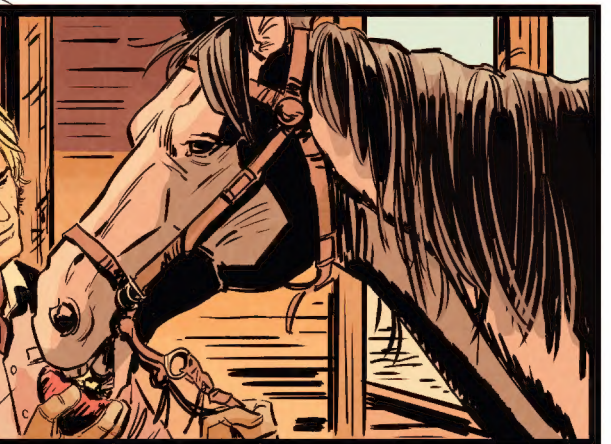
...extinguished
by poison.



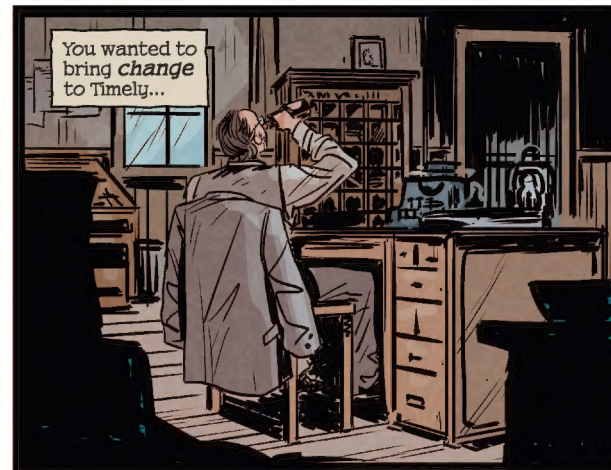
After what they did
to my Doris, I swore
to never write a bad
word against *Fisk* or
Roxxon again.



The only problem was...
those were the only two
names worth writing about.



Damn you,
sheriff.



You wanted to
bring *change*
to *Timely*...



...but you
summoned
death.

GOODNESS,
WHAT A LOVELY
DAY.

TO BE CONTINUED...